



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

least, as *Sordello*, but I can not close without registering my admiration for it all the same. *Ezra Pound.*

REVIEWS.

Aphrodite and Other Poems, by John Helston. Macmillan Co.

This book is full to the brim of theoretic passion, expressed in an unfailing, superabundant flow of language. The first poem, *Lonicera*, is a dialogue forty pages long, in which "The Man" talks ten pages about his dead affection before "The Woman" ventures to say, "It rained that day." After that their conversation is full of such original observations as

Men do not love as women do . . .
O God, who made us women! . . .
Perhaps men are more weak albeit more strong,
And therefore dig their graves the deeper. . . .
Our love is dead between us, at your hands.

Et cetera, until, through vast spaces of eloquence, the two arrive at—

My woodbine bride! my darling!
Hush . . . the stars!

Just observations abound, expressed with more or less turgidity, in a style long relegated to poetry because so remote from speech. For example:

This is the hell of woman, to have slain,
Not as the splendid wantons of old time—
Hot-mouthed, so even lust was eloquent
With raptured immolation—love's desire,
But on the altar of their meaner moods.
Vainglorious promptings, braggart self-conceits,—

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

and the sentence lists other "meaner moods" through fourteen more lines. Through all the endless mouthing about passion, one searches in vain for a single sincere and simple lyric note; as through the dialogues one searches in vain for drama.

It is wearisome to see this sort of thing accepted as poetry by American critics. Is it because Mr. Helston was first printed by the *English Review*, which once had a little brief authority as a judge of poetry? But, Messieurs, *le roi est mort.*
H. M.

Poems, by Alice Meynell. Chas. Scribners' Sons.

White, pure, cool, delicate, shy—such adjectives as these greet this small volume of collected poems which partly express thirty years' emotional experience of a high and sensitive spirit. One might wish that the poet were less reserved, less austere. She is less intimate in verse than in prose, for there is nothing here of such poignant beauty as that memorable passage in one of the essays which describes the sublime exaltation of a mother left alone with her child after the storm and stress of its birth.

Mrs. Meynell is a Roman Catholic, and Francis Thompson was her friend; but there is no mystical rapture or ritualistic color in her poems. Their tone is silvery, and the religious motive often present is of an early Protestant severity.

Thou art the Way.
Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal
I cannot say
If Thou hadst ever met my soul.